

## Aliens, Hammers, and Making a Memorable First Impression

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## Aliens, Hammers, and Making a Memorable First Impression

by [Marvel Fangirl](#)

### Summary

"Wow, dude, this thing is awesome. Does it generate its own electricity?" Peter flipped the hammer once in the air and caught it, watching in amazement as sparks danced over it.

"Like, I know you're the god of thunder, but I didn't know your hammer had magic powers too! That is so cool. I want one. Like, I won't get it, obviously, 'cause I don't want to steal your thunder—no pun intended."

He grinned at his totally-intended pun, but Thor didn't react. Not even a twitch of the lips.

"Okay, yeah, that was a dumb joke," Peter admitted. "Sorry. Here's your hammer, Mr. Thor." He held out the weapon to its rightful owner.

Thor just stared.

(Peter Parker meets Thor for the first time. It does not go as expected.)

## Notes

Civil War never happened, okay? Okay.

Anyways, here's 5K of self-indulgence. Enjoy.

See the end of the work for more [notes](#)

It was supposed to be a normal day.

Well, maybe *normal* wasn't quite the word for it. *Normal* was subjective in just about any context, downright laughable in Peter's case. He was a superhero. He went out in a skintight suit and fought people in alleyways. What he called normal, most people called 'horrifying' and 'therapy-inducing'.

*Relaxing* was a better word, perhaps. It was supposed to be a *relaxing* day. Take a leisurely stroll around the city, do some people watching, buy a greasy snack from a food truck. Maybe see that movie MJ had made an offhanded comment about—which, coming from MJ, was the highest of praise—or rack through the library shelves for a book he was vaguely interested in but would never actually have the time to read.

He figured he'd earned it. He had busted his butt all week, tracking down drug lords and stopping up-and-coming supervillains from taking over the city and, worst of all, studying for midterms. Didn't he deserve a little break? Would it really be so terrible if he took one day off? What could happen?

A citywide alien invasion, apparently.

Peter was in the middle of scarfing down his second churro when he first heard the explosions. He dropped his snack on the pavement in his surprise—a terrible tragedy, since these were the first churros he'd actually had to pay for in months. Most of the street snacks he got these days were gifts from that vendor on 9<sup>th</sup> Avenue who'd promised him free food for life after Spider-man saved her from getting crushed under a flying piece of rubble.

He didn't even have time to properly mourn his loss before the screams started, and all hell broke loose in the street.

"Why," he whined to himself, dusting the sugar off of his hands in disappointment as he watched his fallen churro disappear beneath the stampede of panicking New Yorkers. "Just...*why*?"

For all his complaining, he wasn't actually as surprised as he should have been. This kind of luck was, unfortunately, pretty standard in his life. To be honest, he was lucky to have gotten *half* a day

to himself before he was interrupted by some major emergency.

With a mournful sigh, he began his search for a decent alley to change in.

If he'd been in a more familiar part of the city—somewhere closer to Midtown or Greenwich Village—he probably would have found a place in no time. There, he'd already mapped out the best spots—the ones hidden from view of passerby, the ones that didn't smell so overwhelmingly of trash that he had to actively fight the urge to gag, the slightly less contaminated ones that were safe enough to provide cover when he had to dig a bullet out of his belly. But not here. Here, he was stuck peering around the corner of each and every alleyway on the street, only to be disappointed every time.

"Occupied...occupied...ugh, smells like something died..." he muttered as he passed them. Apparently, the mass panic from whatever chaos was happening down the street had sent most civilians ducking into the alleys for cover. He grimaced. That was going to make changing into his suit a challenge. Even if he managed to find a vacant alley, there was no guarantee somebody wouldn't barge in while he was changing.

That would be...awkward, to say the least.

Peter let out an exasperated groan as he passed yet another alley already claimed by panicking passerby. "Come on! It's not even prime crime hour! Why can't there be a *single* alley open?"

Just as the words left his mouth, an alley came into view—empty, save for the rat scurrying behind the dumpster. *Not perfect*, he lamented as his eyes skimmed the heaps of overstuffed trash bags, *but passable*. The Hulk-sized dumpster would provide more than enough cover for him to get changed behind, even without the additional bulk of all the overflowing bags.

But before he could so much as step a foot in the alley, a familiar tingle pricked at the back of his neck. He barely had time to register the warning before a bone-rattling explosion shook the ground and knocked him off of his feet, straight into the trash heap.

For an unsettling minute, Peter couldn't hear anything past the ringing in his ears. High-pitched and shrill, yet dull and muted as if he were hearing it from underwater. He squeezed his eyes shut and waited for it to pass and eventually, it did. It always did.

Once he could trust himself to stand without immediately falling on his face, Peter pushed himself to his feet, brushing discarded food bits from the garbage off of his clothes.

"Well," he mumbled, mostly to test if he could hear his own voice, "that wasn't ideal."

He nearly jumped out of his skin when he was answered by a sharp growl, stumbling backwards so quickly that he almost landed on his butt in the garbage again. He snapped his head around, searching for the source.

Peter didn't know what had expected, but this certainly wasn't it.

A pale gray creature, highly reminiscent of an alien from some low-budget 80's sci-fi flick, was walking past the entrance of the alley.

An *alien*.

Peter didn't know whether to freak out or geek out.

It was chattering indecipherable garble to itself, slowly advancing on something seemingly around

the corner, just out of Peter's view. Possibly a civilian.

Peter's eyes widened as they fell on the freakishly large gun in its hands. *Yeah, not good.*

"Hey, E.T.!" he called, scrapping the idea of changing into the suit first. Plans changed when civilians were in danger.

The alien just ignored him. *Rude.*

"Hey, E.T.!" Peter repeated, louder. "I thought you went home!"

This earned more than a few strange looks from nearby civilians, but they chose to disregard him, the senseless idiot, in favor of fleeing the scene. The alien, however, didn't even glance in his direction. It gargled out a growl as it hefted its weapon, which whirred with building power as it began to glow.

Desperate, Peter picked up the nearest object—some medieval-looking cosplay hammer that, on second thought, was a *really* weird thing to find lying in the middle of the street—and chucked it at the alien's advancing form, hoping to take the creature's attention off of its victim. To his surprise, though, it sent the alien flying to the other side of the road, right into a brick wall.

Peter frowned at his hands, then at the hammer now lying beside the alien's prone body. *Huh.* He knew he had super strength, but that hammer had been *light*. An object that light should not have been physically able to send a six-foot alien flying across the street.

He decided not to dwell on it. He could literally stick to walls and lift things ten times his weight. Captain America had a shield that could bounce around a room like a DVD screensaver without losing momentum. Physics just wasn't what it used to be.

His gaze drifted from the strange weapon (possibly a misplaced stage prop for some Broadway show) to the seemingly unconscious alien. Naturally, his curiosity was much stronger than his sense of self-preservation, so he decided to cross the street to examine the creature.

Upon closer inspection, the alien was a lot less cool than Peter had hoped—kind of like an insect/dinosaur hybrid with full-body eczema. It's weapons, on the other hand...

"Oh, wow," he murmured, nudging at the alien's familiar glowing purple gun with his foot. "That brings back memories." Hopefully, this time the tech wouldn't be stolen and repurposed by high-tech weapons dealers. That was an all-around disaster that he'd rather not repeat.

Peter was startled out of his thoughts by a loud groan. His body tensed instinctively, ready for an attack despite the lack of warning from his spider-sense, but one glance in the direction of the noise proved his reaction unnecessary.

A large, muscular surfer-looking guy slowly pushed the large piece of rubble that had held him captive off of his chest, coughing at the cloud of dust that rained down on him as a result.

Peter squeaked and rushed forward to help him.

"Oh my gosh! Are you okay, sir? Are you hurt? Here, let me help you." He offered a hand to the stranger, internally smacking himself for not noticing the poor civilian trapped under a heap of rubble just a little bit earlier. It was literally his *job* to help people out of these situations.

The man blinked wildly, as if just waking up, but accepted Peter's hand and pulled himself to his feet. "I am well," he answered in a deep, accented voice. "Thank you, young sir."

Peter lifted an eyebrow at the strange wording, but didn't say anything further as the man brushed the dust off of his clothes and cape, then...

Wait... *cape*. Hair. Muscles.

"Holy gym shorts," Peter breathed. "You're Thor."

Thor, the literal freaking *god of thunder*, beamed down at him, and suddenly Peter didn't care that aliens were invading New York. If it led to this glorious moment, meeting a deity in the flesh, then he would gladly fight an entire armada of eczemic aliens.

Though there was an eighty percent chance that Peter was about to ruin the moment by fainting out of sheer joy.

"You are correct, young child!" Thor affirmed with a smile, oblivious to Peter's internal elation.

"And what is your name?"

"Oh, um, I'm Peter," he answered, somewhat lamely. *Completely* lamely. "Peter Parker."

"I'm delighted to meet your acquaintance, Son of Parker," Thor said graciously. But then his brows furrowed, and his smile settled into more of a determined frown. "But there are more serious matters to attend to."

He turned away from Peter—which was probably for the best because Peter was still trying in vain to push back the embarrassing smile that threatened to seize his face—and braced his feet apart as if preparing to do a squat. But then, mid-squat, he paused. Frowning, he craned his neck around to scan the street. "Where did I put my hammer...?" he murmured to himself.

Peter just stood there, grinning stupidly at the hero, until it dawned on him. "Oh. Oh! It's right over here, Mr. Thor!" Peter realized. "Here, I'll go ge—"

He was cut off by a loud, inhuman shriek. And then, out of absolutely *nowhere*—or at least it seemed that way to Peter, who had not been expecting it in the least—an alien dropped from the sky and onto Thor's back, knocking him to the ground. Two more quickly followed, piling on top of the man before he could do anything about it.

"Thor!" Peter yelled as a fourth alien joined the pile. The god understandably didn't respond to him, as he was too busy kicking aliens off of his body. But for every alien that he knocked down, it seemed two more materialized out of thin air to take its place. It reminded Peter of those zombie horror games, where every time you kill a zombie you turn around and *boom*, there's more. He suddenly felt a bit bad about all those times he and Ned had poked fun at those games for their lack of realism.

Peter started towards him to help, but paused. Right now, he wasn't Spider-man. He was Peter Parker. He couldn't just go and beat up a bunch of aliens with his bare hands and expect it not to be suspicious.

But at the same time, he couldn't just leave Thor hanging. While Peter had no doubt that Thor could easily demolish a handful of armed space zombies, he'd feel like a total dipwad if he didn't help out in some way. Besides, the guy didn't seem to be all that observant, so he was probably the least likely Avenger to connect the dots between Peter and Spider-man.

And Ned would probably murder him if he didn't immediately seize the opportunity to fight aliens with Thor.

So, picking Thor's abandoned hammer off the ground—it'd worked like a charm with that alien earlier—he charged the writhing heap of alien bodies attacking Thor. With just a few swings of the hammer, the pile was cut down to half the size, and a glimpse of Thor's cape was visible through the chaos.

"A cuddle pile!" Peter exclaimed in mock excitement. "And you didn't invite me?" He felt kind of stupid saying it, seeing as the aliens didn't understand him and Thor was gaping at him like he'd just confessed that he preferred to guzzle mayonnaise straight out of the container, but it would have felt wrong heading into a fight without some kind of quip. He brought the hammer down over one alien's head, then swung it back up into another's jaw. "Not cool, guys, not c—"

He trailed off as he swung the hammer in an arc, caught a bit off guard when it gave off bright yellow sparks on contact with an alien. "Whoa. Electric hammer?" He gawked. "That's...actually really cool."

After knocking the final alien out with a good blow to the head, Peter gave closer inspection to the hammer in his hands. "Wow, dude, this thing is *awesome*. How on earth does it generate its own electricity?" He flipped it once in the air and caught it, watching in amazement as sparks danced over it. "Like, I know you're the god of thunder, but I didn't know your hammer had magic powers too! That is *so cool*. I want one. Like, I won't get it, obviously, 'cause I don't want to steal your thunder—no pun intended."

He grinned at his totally-intended pun, but Thor didn't react to it. Not even a twitch of the lips.

"No? Wow, tough room." Peter chuckled awkwardly, suddenly regretting his entire existence.

Thor just stared.

"Okay, yeah, that was a dumb joke," Peter admitted, starting to turn red. "Sorry. Here's your hammer, Mr. Thor." He held out the weapon to it's rightful owner, wishing he could slink back into the alleyway and bury himself among the piles of garbage, never to be seen again.

But Thor didn't move to accept his hammer. He just stared at Peter with what was possibly the most bewildered expression Peter had ever beheld.

Peter continued to hold the hammer out toward him for several seconds before it just became too awkward. He lowered it slowly, clearing his throat. "Um, okay then. I guess I'll just...leave this here." He set the hammer on the ground in front of the hero's feet gingerly. Thor still made no move to grab it. Made no sign, in fact, that he'd heard Peter at all. It was pretty unsettling. "So, um, yeah. Nice to meet you."

The closest to a response that Peter received was a blink. That seemed to be all he was going to get, though, so with a short nod, Peter trudged backwards into the alley.

As much as he would have liked to stop and agonize over his lost pride for the next few hours, he had a job to do. Without hesitation, he shrugged his backpack off of his shoulders and unzipped it, preparing to do his usual quick-change before charging into the fight. But just before he could pull his suit out, he froze at the sound of a whimper.

Slowly, like a teen who'd been caught by their mom sneaking food at one in the morning on a school night, he turned around.

Two girls, eyes wide with the unadulterated fear that can only come from a citywide alien attack, stared back at him.

Several seconds of uncomfortable silence passed between them before Peter slowly and deliberately zipped his bag back shut. "Uh, hey. You good?"

The older girl shushed him frantically, pointing to the end of the alley where one unconscious alien's feet were just visible.

"Yeah, I know. Aliens," he muttered, and left to search for a better changing spot.

But just as he found a suitable place, there was a loud explosion and a shrill, screeching noise that absolutely killed his heightened senses. He winced, clamping his hands over his ears, but the sound almost immediately petered out, replaced by deafening clapping and cheering.

Safe to assume the Avengers had taken care of it, then.

A small smile graced his features. "At least I didn't have to suit up," he said to himself. Small consolation, perhaps, but he'd take what he could get.

Peter slipped out of the alley and back onto the main sidewalk, sidestepping the piles of flaming rubble left from the fight. Along the street he could see other civilians doing the same: peeking their heads around the alley corners, testing the waters. Peter had seen enough superhero fights to know what would come next. Once everyone deemed it safe to come out of hiding, they would all stampede through the city in a mass exodus to escape the scene, to check on their families, to return to the safe familiarity of their homes. It would be utter chaos here on the main street. Anywhere, really.

The quickest path home would be straight through the scene of the battle, since it was the path of the most destruction. Nobody ever wanted to take that route, what with all the scattered debris and the property damage and the occasional bloody corpse. He'd just have to hurry, before the police and firefighters arrived and marked the area off-limits.

So, hefting his bag onto his shoulder, he turned around and began to make his way down the broken road. It was a long walk home from this part of the city, but since the subways tended to shut down after superhero battles with widespread damage, there weren't many other options.

He barely made it to the end of the street before he heard, "SON OF PARKER!"

Peter froze.

*Thor.* If the accent didn't give it away, the outdated vocabulary made it unmistakable.

Crap.

He turned slowly to face the god, silently preparing for more embarrassment, but was rendered speechless at the sight of the Avengers. *The Avengers.* All of them. In all of their muscle-clad, superhuman glory.

If Peter hadn't already met them—laughed with them, fought with them as Spider-man—he probably would have fainted. He'd actually grown quite used to them when he was in costume. But as Peter Parker, ordinary nerd from Queens? He felt like a Chihuahua in the presence of German Shepherds. A Hershey's among Lindt's.

He gaped silently at them as they stared back, evidently as confused as he was. The lone exception being Thor, of course, who wore a beaming smile that greatly contrasted his unreadable stare from earlier.

"Thor, buddy, you wanna explain why you've brought us to some high school kid?" Iron Man asked flatly, helmet retracting to reveal Tony Stark's unimpressed stare. "This isn't like that time with the puppy, is it? 'Cause I'm pretty sure you have teenagers where you're from."

Thor ignored his teammate. Instead, he turned and looked Peter straight in the eye and *smiled*. Peter felt every ounce of blood drain from his face as Thor strode towards him, hammer in hand.

His brain scrambled frantically for any reasonable explanation as to why Thor had singled him out. Best case scenario: he was commending him for helping with the aliens. Worst case: Peter had done something horribly wrong in the two minutes he spent helping Thor, and was about to pay for it with his life.

But upon reaching Peter, Thor simply held the hammer out to him and dropped it. Peter's hand shot out to catch it by the handle—*thank God for enhanced reflexes, or his toes would've been crushed*—very nearly dropping it when it let off a spark upon contact. His eyes flitted uncertainly to Thor's for an explanation, but Thor's triumphant grin only raised more questions.

"Um...thanks?" Peter said politely. Was politeness even the correct response to this situation? For all he knew, dropping your hammer into someone's hands was a gesture of extreme rudeness on Asgard. Maybe he should be offended. "I think? I'm not sure I—do you need me to hammer a giant nail, or something? What exactly is this supposed to...?" Peter's question trailed off as his gaze returned to the other Avengers.

They were all staring at him like he'd suddenly sprouted a second head, or eight hairy spider legs to complete his chosen theme. Which, as far as he could tell, he hadn't. Peter reviewed the last thirty seconds in his head, but he didn't *think* he'd done anything out of the ordinary. Did he allow his supernatural reflexes to show when he caught the hammer? Was the hammer actually really heavy, and he just hadn't noticed because of his powers? *What was going on?*

"This Midgardian child is worthy!" Thor announced grandly, and possibly loudly enough to rival his own thunder. Like, seriously. Peter understood why this guy was called the god of thunder. He'd always wondered why they didn't call him the god of lightning, or the god of storms or whatever, but it made sense now.

Peter was so startled by the volume of the statement that it took a moment for him to process the words. "I'm sorry, what?"

"Only those who are worthy of the power of Thor may wield the hammer," Thor explained, as if that cleared things up. Which it did not. At all. If anything, it just raised more questions. "And the hammer has deemed you worthy!"

"...Well, that's neat," Peter said, after a pause. Perhaps if he pretended to have a clue what they were talking about, he could escape this whole situation sooner.

"I don't think you get it, kid," Stark murmured, and apparently he'd had a dramatic mood change in the thirty seconds since he last spoke, because the sarcastic undercurrent Peter was fairly sure he'd picked up on before was nowhere to be seen. The guy looked almost troubled. "None of us can lift the hammer. Except Viz, but he's not even human."

Peter gulped. So it *was* a strength thing. Within two minutes of meeting the Avengers without the mask, he'd done something to make them suspicious. Fantastic.

"In fact, I do not believe I have ever witnessed a mere mortal such as yourself wield Mjolnir." Thor gestured to the hammer dangling from Peter's index finger. "But you have been deemed worthy!"



Peter frowned. That was the third time Thor had used that strange wording—it was starting to seem more significant than weird. "Yeah, you said that. Worthy of what, exactly?"

"Ruling Asgard," Thor stated, ignoring the way Peter's jaw dropped, "and of bearing the power of Thor."

Peter didn't have the first clue how he was supposed to respond to that, so he just gave a nervous little laugh. "Sorry, sir, but I'm pretty sure you're mistaken. I'm definitely not worthy of ruling...whatever you called it. I'm just a Fr—" Peter just managed to cut himself off before he could blow his entire secret identity by saying 'Friendly Neighborhood Spider-man'. *Wow*. Real smooth, Parker. Clearing his throat awkwardly to account for the sudden pause, he clumsily amended, "I'm just a freshman in high school." Which wasn't technically true—he was a sophomore. Whatever. If it covered his near slip-up, it didn't matter if they thought he was a year younger.

"No!" Thor looked indignant, almost offended. "Mjolnir is not capable of misjudging a warrior. You must be truly mighty indeed, to be deemed worthy by my hammer!"

"Mighty?" Peter squeaked. The hammer sparked with a small burst of electricity to accentuate his point. And his voice crack, unfortunately.

"Yes, son of Parker!" Thor affirmed. "You fought very mightily today, indeed!"

"Um, thanks," he managed. "You too." He grimaced as the words left his mouth. *Man*. That was just—*cringe*. Why did he say that? "I mean, I know that's like, your job—and you're, you know, the god of thunder—but still... good job, I guess."

The Avengers just stared at him with weird expressions, and he made a silent vow to himself to never speak again. He just got more awkward with every word.

And he'd thought his first impression with them as Spider-man was bad. *Ha*. He'd gotten a second chance at a first impression, and he *still* managed to screw it up.

Things were starting to get way too awkward, and Peter was getting desperate, so with an internal grimace he spoke up. "Wow, look at the time!" Peter spared a quick glance at his wrist before realizing that he didn't have a watch to glance at. Awkwardly, he lowered his arm. "I gotta run. I've got, uh, *things* to...do. Right now. Away from here."

If he kept talking, he was pretty sure he would embarrass himself beyond redemption. So without another word, Peter darted around the corner and out of sight of the Avengers.

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The Avengers stood, baffled, as the teenager skidded out of sight, still holding Mjolnir. Thor didn't even chase him down—just stood there grinning as the Avengers gaped at the spot where the kid had been standing.

Finally, Bruce broke the silence with a whistle. "A freshman in high school...?"

"Forget his age," Tony interrupted. "He lifted Thor's magic hammer. Not even Mr. Good and Righteous here was worthy." He gestured one armored hand at Steve, who stared at the ground, deeply perturbed.

"Thor...who *is* this kid?" Clint hadn't lost his dumbfounded expression.

"He called himself Peter Parker," Thor answered proudly. "He slayed multiple Chitauri warriors in mere moments. And Mjolnir has deemed him worthy of my power."

"So let me get this straight," Rhodes cut in. "This high school kid is now capable of summoning lightning and flying across the sky with your magical hammer?"

"Indeed."

"And we're not even vaguely alarmed by that?"

Thor frowned, clearly not concerned with the prospect. "If Mjolnir has deemed him worthy, then I trust that young Peter will not use it in any harmful way."

"Right." Rhodey cast an annoyed glance to the sky. "If your magic hammer thinks he's worthy, then clearly we should just trust him. Thank goodness we don't have to worry about him abusing this newfound power."

Thor shrugged, either ignorant or indifferent to the biting sarcasm in Rhodey's tone. "He will be unable to abuse this power as long as the hammer is not in his possession."

"He just ran off with it," Sam pointed out.

"I have faith he will return it," Thor replied, without a trace of doubt or irony.

Rhodey raised an eyebrow. "He'll *return* it?" He turned around to share a quizzical look with the other Avengers, as if to affirm that they were hearing the same nonsense. "I don't know about Asgard, but here on Earth, teenagers are the most irresponsible, impulsive beings you'll ever see. You really think he's just going to come back here and return your—"

"Mr. Thor!"

Rhodey and the rest of the Avengers turned around to watch in disbelief as the teenager in question skidded around the corner, sneakers protesting the movement with an angry hiss against the gravel. He halted, wide-eyed and flushed, as soon as he made the corner, as if suddenly doubting himself, but then cautiously stepped forward.

"I—um. I forgot to give you your...hammer. Thing. Back." He gestured to the hammer in his right hand, providing clarification that nobody really needed.

Before Thor could step forward to reclaim his hammer, Tony spoke up. "Kid."

The boy looked expectantly at him.

"Nice work today."

The other Avengers exchanged surprised looks while the kid's face lit up like the New York skyline at night. "Wow. Thank you, Mr. Stark. That means a lot, I—" He trailed off mid-sentence, as if reconsidering what he was about to say, then settled on, "Thank you."

Tony hummed—his way of acknowledging the kid's words without having to respond with sincerity—then gestured to Thor. "Well, if you don't mind, Zeus here will be needing his hammer back."

The smile snapped off of the boy's face in an instant as his eyes widened. "Oh, yeah! Yeah, of

course.” Clumsily, he handed Thor his weapon, offering an awkward, tight-lipped smile in lieu of something to say.

“Many thanks, Son of Parker,” Thor said earnestly. “You have not only proven yourself worthy of my power; you have proven yourself worthy of my trust. I hope to fight by your side another day, young warrior.”

“Um,” the boy interjected, shifting uncomfortably, “that’s...nice, and all, but...I’m fifteen. I don’t even have my driver’s license. I don’t think I should be fighting by anyone’s side.”

Thor just chuckled lowly, clapping a bloody hand on the boy’s shoulder as if congratulating him on making a funny joke. Not seeming to know how to respond to that, the boy just gave an uncomfortable smile in return before graciously removing Thor’s hand from his shoulder.

“Well, anyway, I’ve gotta scoot. I have that...thing. To go to.”

“Right. That thing,” Natasha repeated dubiously, as skeptical as ever.

“Yes.” The boy backed slowly toward the street corner as he spoke, avoiding meeting any of the Avengers’ eyes.

“The thing that, apparently, is more important than meeting the Avengers,” Sam added, for specification.

“Yes,” the boy replied, more hesitantly.

Steve leveled Sam and Natasha with a disapproving look. “Go on, son,” he told the boy. “Don’t let us keep you back.”

As the boy disappeared around the corner for the second time that day, Tony hummed in contemplation. “Thor, you said his name was Peter Parker?”

Natasha sighed, knowing Tony well enough to know where this was going. “Tony, don’t.”

“I didn’t even say anything.”

“You can’t just invade this kid’s privacy like that. He deserves a normal life.”

“I didn’t *say*—”

“*Tony.*”

“What?”

Natasha shared a long-suffering glance with Steve. “Promise me you won’t dive into this kid’s personal files on the internet.”

“Geez, Romanoff. You make me out to be some kind of stalker.”

Natasha’s glare didn’t waver.

“Fine!” Tony threw his hands up in the air in defeat. “I won’t look into this potential asset. I will ignore the fact that a random teenager on the street was able to wield Thor’s hammer. I will look the other way entirely just so he can continue the boring, mundane life of a teenager. Is that what you want?”

“Yes,” Rhodey cut in.

“Alright, fine,” Tony sighed, accepting his defeat. “We'll leave the kid alone.”

The rest of the Avengers nodded their unspoken agreement as the sounds of cars honking and civilians rushing home began to rise above the silence of the battle's aftermath. They watched as the Department of Damage Control trucks rolled in to begin the long task of clean up. As vendors returned to their carts. As New York City snapped back into normalcy like a rubber band, as stubborn and resilient as ever.

“...But if we ever ran into the kid again, y'know, in passing—” Tony started.

The rest of the Avengers groaned collectively.

## End Notes

Leave kudos or a comment if you liked this!

Edit: I am blown away by the reaction to this fic!! Thank you all so much, I love you guys

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